THE WORLD.

NUMBER CXXX.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *June* the 26th, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

WHEN your firſt WORLD made it's appearance, I was juſt entering into, what is called, polite life, and was mightily pleaſed at your promiſing to direct young maids how to get huſbands. I was then juſt eighteen; not diſagreeable in my perſon; and by the tender care of indulgent parents, had been inſtructed in all the neceſſary accompliſhments towards making a good wife, a good mother, and a ſincere friend. I reſolved to keep ſtrictly to all the rules you ſhould preſcribe, and did not doubt but by the time I was twenty, I ſhould have choice of admirers, or very probably be married. But, would you believe it? I have not ſo much as one man,

man, who makes any ſort of pretenſions to me. I am at a loſs to account for this, as I have not been guilty of any of thoſe errors, which you and all ſober men exclaim ſo much againſt: I hate routs, ſeldom touch a card, and when I do, it is more to oblige others than myſelf. Plays are the only public amuſements I frequent; but I go only to good ones, and then always in good company——Don't think by good company I mean quality: for I aſſure you, I never go to any public place but with people of unexceptionable character. My complexion is of the olive kind; yet I have the aſſurance to ſhew my bare face, though I have been often told it is very indecent. However, to attone in ſome meaſure for this neglect, I never am ſeen without a handkerchief, nor with my peticoats above my ſhoes.

Though my fortune is rather beyond what is called genteel, I never run into any extravagancy in dreſs; and to avoid particularity, am never the firſt nor the laſt in a faſhion. I am an utter enemy to ſcandal, and never go out of a morning either to auctions, or the park. If by chance I am alone a whole afternoon, I am never at a loſs how to ſpend my time, being fond of reading. I have an averſion to coquettry, yet am the cheerfulleſt creature living, and never better pleaſed than when joining in a country dance, which I can do for a whole night together, without either falling in love with my partner if agreeable, or quarrelling with him if awkward.

Girls may pretend to deny it, but certainly the whole tenor of their actions leads to the diſpoſing of themſelves advantageouſly in the world. Some ſet about it one way, and ſome another; all of them chuſing what they think the moſt likely method to ſucceed.

Now

Now I am ſure, when they purſue a wrong one, that nine times in ten it is owing to the men; for were they to admire women for virtue, prudence, good-humour and good ſenſe, as well as beauty, we ſhould ſeek no other ornaments. The men ought to ſet the example, and then reward thoſe who follow it, by making them good huſbands. But inſtead of this, they make it their buſineſs to turn the heads of all the girls they meet; which when they have effectually done, they exclaim againſt the folly of the whole ſex, and either cheat us of our fortunes by marrying our grandmothers, or die batchelors.

Now pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as this is the caſe, what encouragement has a young woman to ſet about improving her mind? I am ſure, in the ſmall circle of my acquaintance, I know ſeveral women who have reached their thirtieth year unnoticed, whoſe good qualities are ſuch, as would make it difficult to find men to deſerve them.

In public places, the coquet with a ſmall ſhare of beauty, and that perhaps artificial, ſhall with the moſt trifling converſation in the world, engroſs the attention of a whole circle; while the woman of modeſty and ſenſe is forced to be ſilent, becauſe ſhe cannot be heard. Thus when we find that it is not merit which recommends us to the notice of the men, can it be wondered at, that while we are deſirous of changing our conditions, we try every innocent artifice to accompliſh our deſigns?

As to myſelf, I have a great reſpect for the married ſtate; but if I cannot meet with a man that will take me juſt as nature has formed me, I will live ſingle forever; for it has been always a rule with me, never to

expect

expect the leaſt advantage from the poſſeſſion of any thing, which is not to be attained but at the expence of truth.

I AM not ſo vain, Mr. Fitz-Adam, as to imagine this letter will merit a place in your paper; all I deſire is, that you will oblige me ſo far as to write a WORLD upon the ſubject: and might I adviſe, let the women alone, and apply yourſelf entirely to the reformation of the men: for when once they begin to cheriſh any thing valuable and praiſe-worthy in themſelves, you will ſoon find the women to follow their example.

I am, ſir,

Your conſtant reader

and admirer,

M. S.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

YOU have often animadverted on the preſent faſhionable indecencies of female dreſs: but I wiſh you would pleaſe now and then to look a little at home, and beſtow ſome of your charitable advice upon your own ſex.

YOU are to know, ſir, that I am one of three old maids, who, though no relations, have reſolved to live and die together. Our fortunes, which ſingly are but ſmall, enable us, when put together, to live genteelly, and to keep two maids and a footman. Patrick has lived with us now going on of ſix years; and to do him juſtice, is a ſober, cleanly and diligent ſervant: indeed, by ſtudying our tempers, and paying a ſilent obedience to all our whims (for we do not pretend to be without whims) he has made himſelf ſo uſeful, that there is no doing without him. We give him no livery, but allow him a handſome ſum yearly for clothes; and to ſay the truth, till within this laſt week, he has dreſſed with great

great propriety and decency; when all at once, to our great confuſion and diſtreſs, he has had the aſſurance to appear at the ſideboard in a pair of filthy Nankin breeches, and thoſe made to ſit ſo extremely tight, that a leſs curious obſerver might have miſtaken them for no breeches at all. The ſhame and confuſion ſo viſible in all our faces, one would think, ſhould have ſuggeſted to him the odiouſneſs of his dreſs; but the fellow ſeems to have thrown off every appearance of decency: for at the tea-table, before company, as well as at meals, we are forced to endure him in this abominable Nankin, our modeſty all the time ſtruggling with nature, to efface the ideas it conveys.

For the firſt two days, though we could think of nothing elſe, ſhame kept us ſilent even to one another: but we could hold out no longer; yet what to determine, neither of us knew. Patrick, as I told you before, was a good ſervant; and to turn him away for a ſingle fault, when that fault would in all probability be remedied by a word's ſpeaking, ſeemed to be carrying the matter a little too far. But which of us was to ſpeak to him was the grand queſtion. The word breeches (though I am prevailed upon to write it) was too coarſe to be pronounced; and to ſay "Patrick, we don't like "that dreſs, or pray, Patrick, dreſs in another manner," was laying us under the neceſſity of pointing at his breeches, to make ourſelves underſtood. Nor did it ſeem at all adviſeable to ſet either Betty or Hannah upon doing it, as it might poſſibly draw them into explanations that might be attended with very puzzling, if not dangerous conſequences.

After having deliberated ſome days upon this cruel exigence, and not knowing which way to look whenever Patrick was in the room, nor daring to ſhut our eyes,